NEW YORK LETTER.

The "Authors' Readings" at New York for the Benefit of the International Copyright League.

Interesting Pen Pictures of a Goodly Number of Famous and Favorite Writers.

Grant and His Doctors, and How They Might "Jump" Their Mutual Accounts.

[New York Letter to Pioneer Press.]

From a broad and permanent point of view, the most interesting event of the week has been the "authors' readings" that took place yesterday and to-day at the Madison Square Theater. It was not only an entertainment, but it was a novel entertainment—a new departure which is likely to be followed by more of the same sort. In reading from their own works, American authors have a distinct monopoly; even a copyright law is not essential. The morning papers of the city to-day treat the readings of yesterday indifferently, if not flippantly. The Sun gave the affair a few lines only. The Herald declares that the authors read their works poorly, and that they had better give up trying. The World likens the entertainment to a minstrel show, "with George William Curtis as middleman and R. H. Stoddard and O. B. Bunce for endmen," and adds that they ought to have been numbered with tags, and that they all had a solemn, Eden-Musee expression throughout the entire afternoon." Even the Tribune fails to give anything like a report of what was really an important event. For authors to read from their own works is not a new thing under the sun. Virgil used to read his verses to the King; Sir Walter Scott gave a part of the "Lady of the Lake" before more than one audience. Dickens and Thackeray both followed his example. Longfellow used to read the utterances of his muse in Boston, and the oldest and greatest of living authors, Victor Hugo, was twenty years ago rather fond of the sound of his own voice in the same sort of exercise. During a reception which I attended at Victor Hugo's house, in the Rue de Victor Hugo in Paris, three years ago, by the way, a terrible female infant of the American species, broke forth in the recitation of one of his finest poems. He sank back in the chair and looked bored. Everything must come to an end at last, and she did. He thanked her and called her pet names; then slily turned to a friend at his right and said sotto voce, "But I do not like to hear anybody recite my things."

OLD FRIENDS.

When the pretty curtain of the pretty theater rose yesterday, it revealed an uncommon sight. Fifty men were massed, sitting in a semi-circle at the rear of the stage. In the middle of the crescent was a large chair, sustaining the now rather portly figure of George William Curtis. He has quite lost the sleek and smug look of thirty years ago, when his hair was dark and long, his mutton-chop whiskers close trimmed, his face cheery, his figure slight, and he the most dandyish of all our litterateurs except N. P. Willis. His hair and whiskers are now gray and left to run riot, like a wild vine in autumn; his eye is jaded; and the lines of care and years have plowed up his fallow face and buried his brilliant smile. Immediately at his right hand sat Julian Hawthorne, a refined and handsome young man, with rambling curly hair, not severely shocking one's ideal. Behind him sat Whitelaw Reid, and behind him again, half-hidden, was Gilder, editor of the Century, his light brown hair and beard and twinkling eye occasionally visible. At Reid's right sat Thorndyke Rice, and a stranger would not be likely to take him for the man who has had the pluck to put so many glimpses of the twentieth century into the North American Review. At Rice's Right reclined in an easy chair the portly form of Roswell Smith, publisher of the Century, mistaken by some of the audience for the absent Charles Dudley Warner—and these three were the chief publishers present. Behind Rice was R. K. Munkittrick, with a head three sizes too big for him, and a droll and humorous face that advertises him as one of the editors of Puck. At Mr. Curtis' extreme right was a sofa against the flies, on which sat a tall, emaculated gentleman with eyes of fire, a short, chubby, laughing gentleman in a brown cut-away coat, and a burly gentleman, much bewhiskered and more bejanned. The last named was Colonel Thomas W. Knox, the tourist laureate; the one at the other end was Frank Stockton, father of the Rudder Grange people and a numerous ideal progeny; the middle man was Yalmer Yorth Boyesen—if I may spell his Norse name as it is pronounced Behind Mr. Curtis' left shoulder was Will Carleton, light-haired, keen-eyed, peak-faced, an impersonation of his "Farm Ballads," and a reprosch to his boarding house keeper. In front of him sat a first rate hotel advertisement, weighing two hundred and something, with a fat face, a pudgy hand, and a listless attitude. This was W. D. Howells, editor of the Atlantic, and author of so much that is delicate and refined in our literature. His black hair has strands of white in it, and a short bang hangs straight down upon his forehead. People looked upon him and said, "Is this the author of 'Our Wedding Journey?'" At Carleton's left straggled away to the wings a number of well-known faces—Edgar Fawcett, trying to get behind somebody, but revealing now and then his immense head, his smooth, plump face, blue eyes, narrow frame and faultless attire; George P. Lathrop, the historian, somewhat resembling Bayard Taylor, especially since he began to grow a full beard; Andrew Carnegie, about the only millionaire among our men of letters; Robert Collyer, mistaken by many for Henry Ward Beecher; F. Hopkinson Smith, author and actor, Government contractor, breakwater builder, artist of the first class, and one of the best dialect readers; Dr. Edward Eggleston and several others. At the extreme wings were O. B. Bunce, Appleton's editor, and R. H. Stoddard—the first bald as a lapstone, the second gray as a beaver.

THE PROGRAMME.

The entertainment was given for the benefit of the International Copyright League, and a royal benefit it was. When I went on Tuesday to buy my tickets I learned that all the boxes and all the seats except four were sold, and they were then selling standing priviliges in the gallery for $1. Not since it was built has the Madison Square theater had any such audience in it, either in point of character or numbers. I met Mr. A. M. Palmer, the manager, in the lobby surveying the throng, and he glimmered at me and said: "I'm going to make a proposition to this troupe." Mr. George William Curtis did not sit in his chair all the time. He broke out of it once, and made a little speech—an earnest appeal for the guaranty of international copyright by Congress. He, Hawthorne and Bunner, by the way, were the only ones among the speakers who were dressed as they ought to have been, in Prince Albert coats. Most of the readers wore cut-aways and ordinary business suits, to the scandal of the many fashionable ones in the audience. At the head of the programme was quoted this from Charles Dickens' speech:

"There must be an international copyright arrangement. It becomes the character of a great country, firstly, because it is justice; secondly, because without it you can never have, and keep, a literature of your own."

And there were similar quotations from Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. The audience, which had paid $1,000 to gratify its curiosity and did by no means expect to be artistically entertained, was surprised at the high excellence of the reading. Not only did the authors render their works intelligently, as was to be anticipated, but they all showed some technical knowledge as how to stand, how to walk, how to use features, hands, tone and inflection. Every one of the ten speakers articulated distinctly and spoke so as to be heard by the remotest auditor. All were well rendered, but Carleton and Bunner excited real enthusiasm, mainly because the contribution of the former was highly dramatic, and that of the latter drolly humorous. Bunner, moreover, looks so young, and dresses so daintily, and carries on his phiz such a funeral expression that it seems incongruous to find him prince of Bohemia and head cutter of the garments of Puck. Howells, with his bang conscientiously parted in the middle, read some chapters to appear in Harper's in July, of an American bachelor, fat, forty and flighty, going to a ball in a Florence palace and trying to dance. He had a white handkerchief peeping from the breast pocket of his cut-away, and as he read, he gesticulated with his right forefinger and balanced himself on his thumb sustained in his pantaloons pocket on the other side. It was a sort of festive, not to say convivial occasion. Bunner frankly told about the strange spooks he sees when one goes home at night; Professor Charles Carroll read Oliver Wendell Holmes' ode to Holland gin; and Hawthorne read, with a good deal of vocal vigor, the article in which he sings the praise of Barden beer. To-day there was another audience filling the theater in every part. Frank Stockton was to read a new and amusing story, but sent his regrets; Mr. Beecher gave a taste of the "Star Papers;" George Parsons Lathrop recited his "Keenan's Charge;" Edward Eggleston gave some touches of Hoosier humor; Mark Twain tickled the people into hysterics, and Howells gave another installment of a new story, which was received with particular favor. I met Mr. Howells a few minutes at the Century office this morning, and he expressed lively gratification that the fund was getting such a lift. In the letter which Dr. Holmes sent he spoke of authors as "the soft handed sons of toil," and said many brilliant things. It will appear in the Century. Hitherto Mr. Lathrop has born most of the "heat and burden of the day" in the fight for an international copyright, but now the contest has enlisted an army of recruits, and goes forward under new auspices, and with more cheering hopes. It seems to me a very pathetic thing for the young and ambitious literary men of a land to be appealing in vain to its congress for a right to love. Even Howells, James and Hawthorne can not sell more than two or three thousand copies of any book as long as the best authorities of England, France and Germany are printed at once and sold for ten cents each in all our book stalls. I undertake to say that there is no writer in the United States who could make enough to pay his board if it were not for newspapers and magazines; and less than twenty, all told, get their living by writing for magazines. No land of which that may truthfully be said can possess a literature.

GRANT AND THE DOCTORS.

General Grant is so much better that he thinks of sending his physicians off somewhere to rest. One has already been discharged on account of an altercation brought by the two better known doctors, who are called for consultation, that he "advetised too much." Miffed at this he brings in a good stiff bill, a la Garfield case. To this there is said to be an offset in the shape of enhanced reputations. However, let the parties speak for themselves—the two subordinate doctors having now rendered their bills:

THE BILL.

"Ulysses Grant to Doctors Leech,
To winter's service, debtor.
Ten thou and dollars due to each
Because he's getting better.

Five hundred, each, per week,
For regular diplomas,
And anxious moments spent to seek
For epithelioma."

THE OFFSET.

"Hold on! An offset here for you,
The debt is equalizing;
That same amount from each is due
To me for advertising.

You were obscure, but now are known,
As Paul informed the Roman;
Like Moses' grave in desert lone
Your place was known to no man."

THE REJOINDER.

"Our fame is nix; the public grins;
We've taken notice of it;
For, ah! we've issued bulletins,
And sacrificed the prophet!

There is no offset; pay the fee;
You've baffled inhumation,
So, gaining notoriety,
We've lost in reputation."

"Whether they will jump accounts," Grant and his doctors, or whether the doctors will have to pay a balance is not yet determined. I will keep watch of the case for you. The popular heroe's features seem likely to be preserved for posterity. There are at least ten portraits that have been made from sittings, and own a bronze bust is being finished by Rupert Schmid, the famous artist from Munich. Schmid has a well defined European reputation. Kings and Popes have sat to him. I called at his studio and saw the work. It represents the head of the General, heroic size, and just enough of the shoulders to show an epaulette, the whole poised upon the outstretched wings of an eagle, which, in turn, stands upon a cannon ball. The ball and eagle thus take the place of the conventional pedestal, and a great improvement they are. The face is rendered with magnificent spirit and strength. It is to be put both into marble and bronze, and two of the former and one of the later have already been ordered, a bronze going to Chicago.

Cynics say: "Why do our statesmen go to foreign artists for thir pictures? Why did Blaine get Archer to paint him, and Cleveland Moscheles? Why does Grant now submit himself to Schmid, when we have St. Gaudens and Ward and Launt Thompson and O'Donovan?" I answer: Because the foreign artists are enterprising and bestir themselves. In every case they sought their subjects—not the subjects them—and it did not seem to occur to our American artists till afterward. First come first served!

W. A. CROFFUT.

General L. F. Menabrea, in a paper on the "Density and Figure of the Earth," read before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, stated that his researches tended to confirm the anticipations of Newton that the mean density of the earth would be found to be between five and six times that of water.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

International Lessons—By Henry M. Grout, D. D.—May 9—Christ Our Example,—Phil. 2:5-11

GOLDEN TEXT.—Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. 2:5.

For the Christians at Phillippi Paul seemed to cherish special regard and affection. This was not altogether for the reason that they were the first fruits of his ministry in Europe, though this was the a fact he could not cease to remember with interest. But besides this they had proved more than ordinarily steadfast, and that under great trials of poverty and persecution. Moreover, in their own distresses and poverty they had never forgotten him or his work. Their contributions to his support had been repeated and generous.

But even the Christians at Phillippi had their temptations to difference and discord. Pride, rivalry and jealousy are everywhere, for Christian faith does not at once eradicate all the natural evil of the human heart. And so this interesting chapter opens with an earnest exhortation to that humility and unselfishness without which harmony and concord are never secure. It is to enforce this lowly and self-forgetting spirit that the Apostle proceeds to point them to the example of Christ: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

So we have, in these verses, a wonderful example with its great reward, and, following upon this, a twofold important influence.

1. The example presented is that of Christ's voluntary humiliation for the sake of others, and the reward is his exaltation to the highest place in glory.

We are first reminded of what he originally was: "Being in the form of God." The "form" of anything is the mode in which it reveals itself or appears. God reveals himself by his wisdom, power, holiness, goodness and truth. In and by these he appears as God. In his original state, Jesus Christ had these attributes. This majesty was his. He was in this "form." But to have assumed this form, had he been less than God in essence and nature, would have been impossible. He could not have taken it; it would not have been given him. And so John distinctly says, "The Word was God." Then, here "equally" is explicitly presented in the next verse.

And yet he did not count this a "prize;" something to be grasped and tenaciously held—for this the word rendered "prize" means. To accomplish a high and loving purpose, he was willing to surrender it. This he did. He "emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men. He put off the "form," the majesty and glory that had been his, and took that of a "servant," that of "men." Here is only a part of the larger truth elsewhere more fully presented. Uniting real humanity with his essential divinity in the unique person Jesus Christ, he appears as if he had been man, pure and simple. He appeared divested of the attributes of God, and assumed the dependence and needs of a servant, a man. Here was condescension, humiliation, the greatness of which human thought can never fathom! Some glorious purpose, most gracious too, must have moved him to it.

The next verse discloses yet another step in his self surrender: "Being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross." Being now man, he did not stand upon human rights, insisting upon comfort, honor, ease, deference—things human nature so craves. To accomplish the full purpose of his becoming man, he must needs die, die on the cross. Mercy bade him do this. That of the Father, and that which had already moved him to come so far and stoop so low, bade him do it. He obeyed. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Now comes the reward: "Wherefore God highly exalted Him." Having taken the place of a servant, He had consented to have just what the Father should give. And that which was now given was "a name above every name." The word "name," here, as so often elsewhere, does not mean a mere title or appellation, but a certain manifestation, glory or power or other distinction, by which He should be known. And so His exaltation was to a glory above every other (John 17: 5). And the greatness of this is further indicated by the dominion and sovereignty thenceforth to be His, and in which His "name" should part consist. In willing or unwilling homage to Him every knee should bow. His Lordship every tongue should confess. Creatures, rational and irrational, should submit to His sway; and all voices should somehow speak it forth.

2. The example with its reward thus presented prepares the way for a twofold important inference. This is introduced by "Wherefore." And the Apostle urges it with his usual affectionateness and disposition to praise where praise is due. "Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed." He has just told his readers of Christ's wonderful obedience, even to eath, for their sakes. They themselves had not been wanting in obedience; but he would urge them to more costly earnestness in it. And so he says: "Not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling;" and "Do all things without murmurings and disputings."

The argument is simple and powerful. The costly humiliation and obedience of Christ was not for nothing. See what He was willing to do for your salvation! And see what in His exaltation He is now disposed and able to do! Since, then, something remains for your obedience to accomplish, be in earnest to do it; be solicitous to do it seasonably; and let no dissensions or strifes among yourselves hinder your doing.

But what are we to understand by working out our own salvation? Are we not, if Christians, already saved? And are we not saved by the meritorious work of another? Yes And yet this salvation is not carried out to completion. The pardoned soul, written in the Lamb's book of life, has yet to go on unto perfection. Paul said: "Not as though I had already attained or were already perfect." And so he pressed on toward the mark for the prize. Being freed from sin's curse, we have to go on to entire freedom from its power. The likeness to Christ, begun in us, is to be made complete.

Strangely enough, many seem to find in the words added to this part of the exhortation, "For it is God which worketh in you," an occasion of stumbling. What the Apostle does is to speak encouragement. "Work, for God is working in you; your will is weak and your strength is small, but what if that be true? Who is it that works in you both to will and to do? It is God." What cheer! Doubtless one can here entangle himself with questionings into things too deep for his present understanding. But this is to pervert the words, not to apply them as we should.

In the concluding verses we have the remainder of the Apostle's inference. Murmurings and disputings hinder our own salvation: they obscure the light we are to reflect for the sake of others; will you, then, be unwilling to do the little that is required of you? Are you not willing to put humility and unselfishness into practice to the extent of living in that love which shall make you "Children of God, without blemish?" Could argument or appeal be more powerful or moving?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. More humility is the best cure for quarrels, and a preventive of them.

2. In matters of both practice and belief it is safe to have "the mind of Christ."

3. It is an un-Christlike mind which is tenacious of rights and honors and comforts, regardless of others' good.

4. Conversion, pardon, welcome into Christian discipleship are the beginning, not the ending of the Christian course.

5. Our personal weakness and helplessness is no reason for discouragement. God is all-sufficient as a helper. Surrender the will to his direction, and pray, and push on.

6. It is the Christian's business to be as a light in the world. If blameless and harmless he can not help sinning. But he is also to "hold forth the word of life."

7. How important is man's salvation as seen in the light of Christ's humiliation and death to secure it! Who can measure its importance?

"VISITING THE SICK."

Why Mr. Wilkinson No Longer Makes an "All Night" of It.

[San Francisco Chronicle "Understones."]

I don't know whether it is due to the simplicity of womankind, or the absence of the inventive faculty of man, that the same old reasons and excuses go always. I believe that Jacob told Leah, when he wanted to go out on a spree, that he had some business with the neighboring ranch, and am quite convinced that old Noah very frequently told his wife that he was going to visit a sick friend. I doubt if Abraham did not steal to the masquerade ball of the period and roll home in dignified and autocratic intoxication some time about the breaking of the morning. Anyhow, it seems that the man who will invent a new excuse which a man can give to his wife for staying out all night can get the biggest kind of a fortune out of the royalties on it. A few nights ago young Wilkinson wanted to go to a masquerade ball.

"My darling," he said, as he put on his overcoat and felt for his ticket. "Jones is very sick. I am afraid he will not live through the night. I promised him I'd sit with him a whole night, and I guess I'll be very late."

"Poor fellow!" said she. "It's so good of you. Stay—here's some nice jelly; you'd better take a pot of it to him. I'm so sorry, and he's a bachelor without any sisters or a mother. Alfred, perhaps I had better go with you if he is so ill."

A gleam of grim suspicion flashed across his face as he looked at her. Was this sarcasm? She was perfectly ingenious.

"No, my dear. You needn't. He's too ill to care about your visit."

"Well, dear, come home as soon as you can."

He had to take the pot of jelly, which he threw into a vacant lot as he went on. It seems that Jones, who was of course quite well, really wanted to see young Wilkinson on the most urgent business. He hunted for him at his well known resorts all night, and about 11:30 o'clock he and a friend took a coupe and drove up to his house. The friend jumped out and rang the bell. He did not know Mrs. Wilkinson. That lady stuck her head out of the up stair window.

"Who's that?"

"I want to see Mr. Wilkinson."

"Who are you?"

At this point Jones, who did know Mrs. W., jumped out of the coupe.

"Is that you Mrs. Wilkinson?"

"Yes. Who is that?"

"Jones," said he. "Will you tell Alfred I want to see him on the most important business for a minute?"

"Mr. Wilkinson has not come home yet." And the window went down with a snap. At 6 a. m. Mr. Wilkinson came home. His wife looked at him and asked him very quietly:

"How is Mr. Jones?"

"Oh, he's much better. We got him to sleep about 5 o'clock and then I left."

Then the band began to play, and young Wilkinson is still dancing to the music.

FOUR FAMOUS MEN.

Peeps at the Personality of Senator Saulsbury, General Grant, Phillips Brooks and Jay Cooke.

The Cleveland Leader publishes the following:

Eli Saulsbury, the senior Senator from Delaware, is the devil's darning needle of the Senate. He is so long that he never walks about Washington when the wind blows from the Potomac, for fear that it will carry him away. He measures over six feet from crown to heel, and his width from shoulder to shoulder is not more than fifteen inches. He is long all over. Each of his legs would make a bean pole, and his arms would furnish the material for two good-sized threshing flails. His head is thin and small, but long in proportion to its width, and he has a long, thin nose above his long jaws. This long head is attached to Senator Saulsbury's shoulders by a long, thin, skinny neck, and the gray hair which falls down upon it in a silvery fringe at the back is also very thin. Senator Saulsbury is a goody-good man. He has no reputation for greatness, and Delaware sends him to Washington as a representative of her Sunday school and church element.

Chicago Tribune: "When Grant was in Chicago, three or four years ago," said an army official, "he lounged about Sheridan's headquarters a good deal. His son Fred was at that time on Sheridan's staff, but was absent one day, and Grant took his place at Fred's desk and looked after the business. A nervous old fellow came in to inquire for some paper that he had left with Fred. The document could not be found, and Grant, apologizing, walked with the old gentleman to the door. As I walked down the stairs with the mollified visitor, he turned and asked: 'Who is that old codger? He is the politest clerk I ever saw at military headquarters. I hope Sheridan will keep him.' I answered, quietly: 'That is General Grant.' The figety old gentleman, after staring at me for full a minute, said, with considerable ferver, 'I will give you fifty cents if you will kick me down stairs.'"

London World: The Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, the famous American preacher, whose sermons in Westminister Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral and other crack London churches excited so much attention during the season of 1883, is returning to England next month and will be in London for several weeks. Mr. Brooks has consented to preach at Cambridge "before the university" on June 14. It was the late Dean Stanley who originally introduced this eloquent and original preacher to London pulpits.

New York Sun: Jay Cooke is now a familiar figure along the country roads Northeast of Philadelphia, but he is not often found mingling in the push and the uncertainty of "the street." An observer writes that he had seen him dressed more in the garb of a countryman than that of a financier. His clothes were plain, and his white slouched hat, with its broad brim, gave him the appearance of a well-to-do farmer. His hair and beard were snow white, and he was driving along with an easy gait, as if perfectly contented with life.

RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA.

Her Progress Across the Deserts and Over the Great Oases of Turkestan.

[New York Sun.]

A little east of the narrow tract now in dispute between Russia and Afghanistan is that extensive protuberance called by the natives The Pamir, or the Roof of the world. This wonderful plateau, furrowed by deep valleys, through which flow the head streams of great rivers, is the loftiest in the world, and stretches away for some hundreds of miles from 10,000 to 15,000 feet above the sea. It is an elevated isthmuss connecting those almost impassable mountain systems of Asia, the Thian Shan and Altai on the north, with the Hindoo Koosh and Himalayas on the south. Here history places the cradle of the European races. Here lived our Aryan forefathers, who, leaving the Pamir slopes, followed great rivers westward, and finally pastured their herds in Europe. Hither are returning their descendants, the Slavs and Anglo-Saxons, sooner or later to contend for the supremacy of Asia upon this historic ground from which their primitive progenitors are believed to have migrated.

The Pamir sent its waters west to fertilize the Turkestan desert, gave the nation a passage-way through the mountain barriers, along its streams that pourd eastward into the Tarim and southward into the Ganges and the Indus, nurtured the civilization that Genghis Khan and Tamerlane founded in Turkestan, and made possible the advance of Russia into Central Asia.

Though Peter the Great dreamed of extending Russia's power far beyond the Caspian, it was not greed of conquest or commerce, but the need of defending herself against barbarous neighbors across the Ural that first turned Russia toward Central Asia. Ivan III. put an end to the terrible Tartar invasions that for centuries wasted half of Russia and laid its chief cities in ashes. But his successors did not free Russia from the nest of pillaging Kirghiz and Turkoman tribes until they established the Muscovite power in the large territory between the Ural River and the Aral Sea. They sank wells in the Ust Urt plateau to facilitate the operations of their army, marched against the turbulent Kirghiz, and after several hard campaigns they subdued these 2,000,000 nomads, who, for over twenty years have paid their conquerors without a murmur their annual tax of three roubles a tent.

Beyond the Kirghiz steppes that bordered Russia stretched far eastward across the desert two belts of verdure, through which flow two great rivers, the ancient Oxus and the Jaxartes, now known as the Amu-Daria and the Syr-Daria. The one rising on the southern and the other on the northern slopes of the Pamir, had for ages distributed over their banks alluvium borne on rapid tides from their headwaters, creating long and continuous oases in the midst of the most desolate desert of the world. Here were rich lands and populous and half civilized nations. Here were the routes to inner Asia, caravan roads that led to China, the highways over which great camel trains from Bokhara had for many years borne to Orenburg and Astrakhan their loads of cotton, silk, skins and shagreen leather to exchange for Russian hardware, chintz and guns. Here was a chance for vast expansion of Muscovite power and commerce. Russia's motive was no longer self-protection, but the subjugation of the khanates of Turkestan and the extension of trade.

Her expedition against Khiva in 1839 was disastrous. The bitter cold of the Ust Urt plateau ruided Perowski's army. Russia, repulsed in her attempt to acquire the Oxus, turned to the Syr-Daria. After she planted her foot upon that river, her forward march was slow, steady and persistent. Her line of forts along the left bank of the river lengthened year by year. She made the river her ally in her warfare upon the Khanates. Twelve years after the first Russian gun was leveled at the walls of the first town in Khokand, this rich Khanate, including its metropolis, Tashkend, became the Russian province of Ferghana. Then Bokhara, after a bitter struggle, lost its independence. Two of the three Khanates of Turkestan were now gained, the Syr Daria, from its mouth to its sources, was a Russian stream, and the Muscovite arms were once more turned toward the Oxus. General Kaufman's attack upon Khiva was crowned with success. The Khanate was added to the Russian conquests in Turkestan, and the Oxus passed into Russia's control.

What are the countries and the peoples whom Russia has conquered, at terrible cost and after many years of bitter warfare? The three Kahnates are estimated to contain from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 people. Vambery says that in the richness of their soil and in the variety of their productions it would be difficult to find in Europe a territory that would surpass the oasis countries of Turkestan. Bokhara, ancient seat of Mohammedan learning, still attracts thousands of students from India, Afghanistan, Cassmere and China. The town has 175 mosques, and when Vambery visited it 5,000 students were studying theology, logic and philosophy in its eighty colleges. The chief cities of the Khokand oasis, Tashkend, Tchemkent, Khodjend and others, are scattered along the rich valley of the Syr-Daria. Several thousand Russian and Cossack peasants have, with governmental assistance, become tillers of the soil near Tashkend and Samarcand. Tashkend has 100,000 population, thirteen inns, sixteen colleges and many mosques, and its exports and imports in 1878 amounted to $24,000,000. The Kuivan oasis, though kept within narrow limits by the surrounding desert, is large and rich enough to support a populace of about 1,000,000 people. Since Russia conquered Khokand she has placed upon the Syr-Daria a fleet of steamers that ply up the river for a distance of 1,000 miles from the Aral Sea. Sand bars in the lower Oxus impede navigation, but Russian boats have ascended the greater part of its course as far as Chojs Saleh, now well known as the point on the river where, the Afghans assert, their frontier joins that of Russia. Both these great rivers are valuable arteries of trade, but the Oxus, though the fertile lands along its banks are not so extensive nor so populous as those along the Syr-Daria, is destined to be commercially the more important stream. While the Syr-Daria leads only toward the comparatively barbarous countries of East Turkestan and Thibet, the Oxus will carry the freightage of Russia almost to the gates of India. It is evident to all students of her progress in Central Asia that Russia's commercial aims include not only a vast augmentation of her overland trade with China but the opening of India to her products as the reward of her long and, as yet, ill requited sacrifices in Turkestan. The avenues from her new possessions as yet offer hardly a third of the annual expenditures.

The Khanate of Khokand has been so completely absorbed by the Russian military government that its name has disappeared from recent maps. Bokhara and Khiva are still nominally ruled by their old sovereigns, but they are merely dependencies of Russia, and pay a heavy tribute for the privilege of retaining a semblence of authority. The Khan or Khiva is not permitted to have an armo, and his subjects have been stripped of their weapons. He is so far a more completely subjected prince than the Ameer of Bokhara; who is permitted to mantain an army of 10,000 men, which he has pledged himself to place at the disposal of the Russian commander, and which, according to Mr. Boulger, will prove a serviceable auxiliary corps.

When Russia had conquered the khanates, there was still hard work for her armies south of the Oxus, where wild tribes of Turkomans constantly menaced her enterprises, and blocked the way to Herat. Some years after Khiva fell, Skobeleff and his Cossaks scattered the Teke-Turkomans, the greatest slave hunters and most lawless men who roamed the desert of Kara Kum. Last year the last strong hold of this tribe was occupied by Russian troops. It was the earth fort they were building in a bend of the Murghat River, at Merv, when O'Donovan visited them four years ago. Its ramparts, forty feet high and sixty feet wide at the base, were speedily knocked to pieces, and Merv now forms part of the Russian Transcaspian province. Years before, Sir Henry Rowlinson, the greatest authority on Central Asia, had told the British Government that "Herat is at the mercy of the General who occupies Merv." But the public opinion in England did not keep pace with the march of events in Asia, and it was not till the Russian forces had left the Merv oasis and received the submission of the Turkomans south of Sarachs that Grert Britain awoke to the belief that the Czar was threatening Herat and menacing India.

A Little Brother of the Rich.

To put new shingles on old roofs,
To give old women wadded skirts,
To treat premonitory coughs
With seasonable flannel shirts,
To soothe the stings of poverty
And keep the jackal from the door—
These are the works that occupy
The Little Sister of the Poor.

She carries, everywhere she goes,
Kind words and chickens, jam and coals,
Poultices for corporeal woes,
And sympathy for downcast souls;
Her currant jelly—her quinine,
The lips of fever move to bless.
She makes the humble sick-room shine
With unaccustomed tidiness.

A heart of hers the instant twin
And vivid counterpart is mine;
I also serve my fellow men,
Though in a somewhat different line.
The Poor, and their concerns she has
Monopolized, because of which
It falls to me to labor as
A Little Brother of the Rich.

For their sake at no sacrifice
Does my devoted spirit quail;
I give their horses exercise,
As ballast on their yachts I sail.
Upon their Tally Ho's I ride
And brave the chances of a storm;
I even use my own inside
To keep their wines and victuals warm.

Those whom we strive to benefit
Dear to our hearts soon grow to be;
I love my Rich, and I admit
That they are very good to me.
Succor the Poor, my sisters, I,
While Heaven shall still vouchsafe me health,
Will strive to share and mollify
The trials of abounding wealth.

How Salt is Made.

I have been visiting the Warsaw salt wells, and the process of making salt is so interesting that you will all like to hear about it. Just think of a well 1,900 feet deep! I visited one like that the other day, and some on the higher lands are still deeper. The well is drilled about five and a half inches in diameter through the solid rock most of the way, some of which is exceedingly hard. A large iron pipe, called the "casing," because it is the outside one, is put down all the way. The salt away down there is in its dry state, and forms a vast bed a great many feet thick. Before they can bring it up to the surface of the ground they have to pour in water to dissolve it and then pump out the brine. Sometimes they come to water on the way down, which helps them in this object, but generally they have to get it from some stream near by and let it down through the pipe. Inside of the large pipe they lower a smaller one, generally about three inches in diameter, and have it suspended from the top in some way so that it will not quite touch the bottom of the well. The strong brine is pumped up in this inside pipe, and the fresh water trickels down between this one and the large pipe. Sometimes they have a third pipe outside of these for 400 or 500 feet down where there is quicksand or any soft material which would injure the well. The brine is forced into huge vats holding from 1,200 to 1,500 barrels, and the impurities settled before salt is made from it. These vats are placed on an elevation, so that the brine will run to the pans by force of gravitation.

In one establishment the very shallow pans in which the brine is boiled are 100 feet long and twenty feet wide. Another pan was 130 feet long and about twenty-five or thirty feet wide. These are of very heavy boiler iron and are supported by the massive masonry of the fire arches underneath. The pans are made generally in two or three compartments. The cold brine flows into the first, where it is gradually heated, and conducted over the partition by means of a siphon (look up the meaning of that word, if you don't know it) into the part where the brine is boiled. It generally boils faster at one end than the other: slow boiling makes coarse salt, fast boiling, fine salt. Great clouds of steam pour out of the openings in the roof.

As the brine boils, great flakes of salt form on the surface, and when they become heavy enough, they sink to the bottom where a thick layer soon forms and has to be carefully raked out upon a sloping space at the side of the pans called "the drip." The large pans have to be raked about ten times in twenty-four hours. They work night and day, and have to be very careful not to let the salt burn on the bottom of the pans, as that soon spoils them, and pans are expensive. One 20x100 feet costs $1,500.

After the salt has been raked out and has dripped a while, it is carted away and dumped into great bins, reaching from floor to floor. It is allowed to dry several days and is then barreled up and sent off for common, coarse uses without further change.

FINE TABLE SALT

is made by drying the coarse salt in a large, revolving cylinder, about seven feet in diameter and twenty-four feet long, and then grinding it, just as wheat is ground. It comes out as fine as flour and is put up in small bags by girls, and is then ready for table use.

There are several different methods. In one place small pans are used; in another, the brine is boiled in huge kettles which produces salt already fine enough for table use; and in still another the brine is heated by running a great number of steam pipes through it. It is very interesting to see salt works in operation. Look at your mother's salt bag and see if it came from this part of New York. The most wells are in Warsaw, but there are many others within a radius of five or ten miles.

Three things are particularly necessary to the manufacture of salt. First. There must be salt. Second. There must be plenty of water. Third. The place must be near a railroad.